IMPERIALE
A
TRAGEDY.

Ovid. 2. Triſt. ad Cæſ. Auguſt.

Omne genus ſcripti gravitate Tragœdia vincit.

LONDON,
Printed by THOMAS HARPER,
M. DC. XL.

Phot. of HEH 54191

Ariſtoteles de Poeticâ, cap. 10.

Ἡ γὰρ ἱστορία καὶ ἡ ποίησις, οὐ τῷ ἢ ἔμμετρα λέγειν ἢ ἄμετρα διαφέρουσιν· ἀλλὰ τῷδε διαφορᾷ, τῷ τὰ μὲν γενόμενα λέγειν, τὰ δ' οἷα ἂν γένοιτο. Διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποίησις ἱστορίας ἐστίν.

HIſtory and Poeſie (wherein hee preferres Tragedy) *differ not, in that the one is written in Proſe the other in Verſe; but in this, that the one repreſents things as they be, the other as they may, or ought to be. And therefore Poeſie is a thing more Philoſophicall and grave, than Hiſtory.*

Plutarchus de gloria Athenienſium.

Ἤνθησε δὲ ἡ Τραγῳδία καὶ διεσπάθη, θαυμαστὸν ἀκρόαμα καὶ θέαμα τοῖς τότε ἀνθρώποις γενομένη, &c.

Ἀν' ἡδὲ σκηνὴν τῶν δραμάτων ἕκαστον ὅσα κατέσχε, πλέον ἀνηλώκως φανεῖται ὁ δῆμος εἰς Βάκχας καὶ Φοινίσσας, καὶ Οἰδίποδας, καὶ Ἀντιγόνας καὶ τὰ Μηδείας κακὰ καὶ Ἡλέκτρας, ὧν ὑπὲρ τῆς ἡγεμονίας καὶ τῆς ἐλευθερίας πολεμοῦντι πρὸς βαρβάρους ἀπήλωσεν.

TRagedy flouriſhed and was in high eſteeme, the hearing and ſight whereof did wonderfully delight the men of thoſe times.

For if the accounts be made of the charge the Athenians were at in adorning their dramatick Poems, it will appeare that the Bacchæ, Phaniſſæ, Oedipi, Antigona, the cruelties of Medea and Electra, conſumed more treaſure, than their wars undertaken againſt Barbarians for liberty and Empire.

Idem de vita x. Orat.

Λυκοῦργος εἰσλίσγκε ὡς χαλκᾶς εἰκόνας ἀναθεῖναι τῷ Πειτῶν, Αἰσχύλε, Σοφοκλέους, Εὐριπίδου καὶ τὰς τραγῳδίας αὐτῶν ἐν κοινῷ, γραμμάτων φυλάττειν, καὶ τὸν τῆ πόλεως γραμματέα παραναγινώσκειν· τῆς γὰρ ὑποκριτομένοις ἐκ ἐξεῖναι αὐτὰς ὑποκρίνεσθαι.

Lycurgus ordained that ſtatues of braſſe ſhould be erected to the memory of the Poets, Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and that their Tragedies ſhould be carefully preſerved, and often publikely read by the Notary of the Citie, when Stageplayers were not permitted to act them.

Delrius in præfatione ad Senecæ Tragœdias.

NOn Marcum Varronem, non duos Iulios Cæſares, non Auguſtum Octavium, non Scaurum, non Thraſeam, quibus nihil graviu[s] orbis Romanus, hu c Scriptioni [illegible] ndere puduit.

Heinſius

Heinſius de conſtitut. Tragæ. cap. 1.

NOn pauca in Tragœdiæ conſtitutione concurrunt: nam & eloquentia eſt opus, & quidem tota: neque quicquam a Rhetoribus eſt dictum, quod non locum habeat in iſta. Iam prudentia civilis, ubi magis requiritur? non modo in ſententiis & gnomis ſed cum conſilia tractantur.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sango } 2 ſlaves.
Moloſſo }
Imperiale, a Senatour of Genua.
Spinola, a Noble man of Genua, and a ſouldier.
Juſtiniano a noble man of Genua, and a ſcholler.
Verdugo a Brave.
Doria a Prince in Genua.
Franciſco, Spinola his ſonne.
Iudge.
Doctor.
Witneſſes 2.
Evagrio, } kinſmen of Spinola.
Fidele, }
Officers.
Friends 2.
Honoria, Imperiale his wife.
Angelica, her daughter.
Nugella, the waiting woman.
Cooke.
Cater.
Porter.
Chorus.

The Argument.

IMperiale *and* Spinola *Noblemen of* Genua *having bin ancient enemies, and lately reconciled by the mediation of* Iuſtiniano, *a friend to both*; Spinola *endeavored to marry his Sonne* Franciſco *to* Angelica *daughter of* Imperiale; *but finding his Sonne rejected, and* Doria *entertained, by that conceived affront, accompanied with other jealouſies, ſuſpects the old enmitie not fully eradicated from the breaſt of* Imperiale, *and moved with indignation, hireth a Brave to kill him in a crowd at a Feſtivall: this being accidentally diſcovered by* Sango *the ſlave ſo* Spinola, *he reveales it to* Moloſſo *the ſlave of* Imperiale, *as acceptable newes to him, who had waited an opportunity to be revenged on his Patron for ſevere and unuſuall puniſhment, inflicted upon him.* Moloſſo *to ingratiate himſelfe with his Lord, thereby to worke a greater miſchiefe, not only reveales the plot to him, but diverts the ſame upon* Spinola's *owne Son, at which unexpected encounter* Spinola *through rage falles into a ſtrange kinde of diſtraction, but at length being an ey-witnes of the miſery which through the cruelty of the ſlaves befell* Imperiale, *his wife* Honoria, Angelica, *and* Doria, *he recovers his ſences and turnes his fury into compaſſion.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Sango, Moloſſo.

'TIs true *Moloſſo*, fortune hath prepar'd
A full revenge for thee without thy hazard,
And ere the riſing Sunne ſhall yet decline,
Imperiale thy proud Lord ſhall fall
As low as hell; one unexpected blow
Shall recompence thoſe many he gave thee;
When imitating forraigne cruelty,
He bound thee faſt, and made thy feet an Anvill.
Mol. Sango, If thou contemplating our friend-
Begotten firſt by conſanguinity, (ſhip,
And ſince confirm'd by our joint ſufferings here,
Haſt undertaken ſome bold ſtratagem
Againſt my Patron to revenge my wrongs,
Thy great affection may but ruine me;
Delay not then to make me underſtand
Thy full intent: beleeve it 'twill be vaine,
Our ſword once drawn, to think to ſheath again.
San. Then know the plot is more ſecurely laid,
Thā my weak means (although my wil be ſtrong)
Could

Could ever reach, without my certaine death;
And by ſtrange chance I did diſcover it
Without the Actors knowledge; thou haſt heard
Of the old deadly fewd betweene our Lords,
Which wound, although it were in ſhew heal'd up,
Is broken out afreſh; 'twas not well ſearcht;
For the laſt night, at ſetting of the Sun,
A houſhold buſines call'd me to the Garden,
Where in the thicket neere the Arbour, lying
To reſt my ſelfe, I quickly fell aſleepe,
Into which Arbour in the meane time came
My Patron with a Brave accompanied,
A Fellow expert in that *Myſtery*:
At their firſt entrance to the place I wak'd,
But durſt not ſtir, for had I, death had ſeiz'd me;
There was I privy to their whole diſcourſe,
Which was in briefe but this, that for the ſumme
Of fifteene hundred crownes, thy Patrons life
Is ſold, & muſt ere noon be ſnatch't away. (awake,
Mo. Sure thou did'ſt dream, thou wert not throghly
For though our Lords were lately reconcil'd,
Mine keepes a carefull watch, and never ſtirs
Out of the City, where he knowes he's ſafe.
San. Hee'll be deceiv'd, the rarenes of the plot
Did pleaſe beyond the deare and long'd for Act;
Heer's the deſigne, this b'ing a ſolemne day
Annually obſerved by the State,
In memory of a publike benefit

Received

Received by the private care of one
Of thy Lords Anceſtours, will draw all ſorts
Of people to the Temple, where the Brave
Cloth'd like a ſilly Peaſant, is reſolv'd
To watch *Imperiale*, and keepe neere him,
And when the uſuall Ceremonies are done,
In the confuſed Crowd his cunning hand
Shall guide a poyſon'd dagger to his heart,
And in an inſtant, letting fall his Cloake,
Which ſhall be large to hide his ruſtick habit,
He, with the reſt, will ſtand about the body
And wring his hands at th'horror of the fact,
And thus the Brave ſhall thy part bravely act.
What? ſilent? not affected with a joy
Should raviſh thee? and ſwell thy veins with plea-
Like to the Eſtrich in the act of luſt? (ſure,
Mo. Light joyes are eas'ly vented; ſuch as this
Is entertained with an extaſie,
And by degrees expreſt: but as the full
Fruition of a thing we moſt delight in
Is checkt with daily feare of loſing it,
So finde I now my riſing heart kept downe
With doubt of ſuch a wiſhed happineſſe.
San. Had'ſt thou, as I beheld the Actors looks,
When he declar'd his reſolution,
To my attentive *Patron*, thou wouldſt reſt
Aſſur'd of the event, and ſweare he needed
No other weapon to deſtroy a man;

His eyes would have out-ſtar'd a Baſiliske,
They were two Comets that are ſurely fatall.
Mo. May they portẽd more miſchief to this Houſe,
Thã thoſe that blaſted ours & our whole country.
But in this ſtrong deſire of a revenge,
Diſcretion muſt direct our paſſion;
And therefore let it be thy chiefeſt care
Neither in word, nor geſture, to diſcloſe
Thy fortunate diſcovery, till the end
Shall crowne the worke, and baniſh all our feares;
My taske ſhall be to make it profitable
No leſſe then pleaſant, by his foreknown fall
Wee'll raiſe our ſelves to wealth and liberty,
The great allurements of thoſe bold attempts,
Wherein the Vaſſall dares affront his Lord,
And quite ſhake off the yoke of his ſubjection.
Sang. Our Magnifico's think us flegmatick raſ-
Created but for blowes, and ſcorne, ſo far (cals,
In love with ſervitude as ſcarce to wiſh
Revenge or freedome.
Mol. They ſhall finde at length
Patience oppreſt will into fury turne;
Nature, in ſpite of fortune gave us minds
That cannot like our bodies be enthrall'd;
But ſoft, I doubt our early privacie
May render us ſuſpected; leave to me
The mannage of th'affaire, onely let thy
Vertue be now the dumb mans, ſecrecy.

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Spinola, Iuſtiniano.

THe hatefull ſound of *Imperiale's* name
Would ſtrike me deafe, my deare *Iuſtinian*,
Were it not temper'd by thy gentle tongue,
That had the art to make m'embrace and truſt
A reconciled foe, who hath rejected
With ſcorne my hopefull ſonne, as if his birth,
Fortune, and parts, had not deſerv'd that flirt
His gilded daughter; but I taxe not thee,
Whoſe friendſhip is a gem without a foile,
And hardly can be valu'd, never matcht:
I know thy milder ſtudies chiefly bent
To weed out rancour from the minds of men,
Smoothing rough nature with morality,
And this becomes Philoſophers: but I
That doe profeſſe the art of killing men,
Encourag'd by all States, impos'd by ſome
Muſt follow other precepts: he is ſure
Of many wrongs, that will but one endure.

Iuſt. Thy Character of me, lov'd *Spinola*,
Thus farre I may without vaine glory owne,
Truely to love my friend, yet hate no man,
And ſince mine own experience finds how well
Thou do'ſt the one, I would perſwade the other;

Not

Nor would I now convert thee to a Stoicke,
To make thee thinke there are no injuries,
Or if there be, that wise men cannot feele 'hem,
These I confesse, are not compatible
With thy condition; on the other side,
I can encourage none, much lesse my friend,
To take a scandall, when there is none given,
To call that injury, which is in truth
A liberty that every man may challenge;
Or if *Imperial* ought t'have wav'd the same,
Yet since the will is free, thou could'st expect
But fatherly perswasion, to incline
Th'affections of his daughter, all the rest
Is ravishment, or tyranny at best.

Spin. I know not how the rigid schooles define
A fathers power, in their beg'd principles,
As if the freedome of the will extended
To silly wenches, to restraine the power
Of them that gave them first and second being;
No, it was onely his inveterate malice,
That closely lurk't under a new fain'd friendship,
That stuck on me and mine this contumely,
Which ought to be resented farre above
An injury, by any generous spirit.

Iust. Let it be what thy fancy apprehends,
Which scarce appeares in the least circumstance,
Yet generous spirits at poore contumelies,
As seldome stoope, as Eagles doe to Flyes.

Spin.

Spin. What is there that ſhould wound an a-
Like baſe contempt? (tive ſpirit
Iuſt. The guilt of one baſe act.
Spi. Should we not then be jealous of our fame?
Iuſt. If we within finde cauſe of jealouſie.
Spi. Reports may brand, although they be untrue.
Iuſt. Yes, thoſe that take their honour upon truſt.
Spi. Our honour by opinion muſt ſubſiſt.
Iuſt. Then every puffe of winde will ſcatter it:
How can we call that ours, which muſt depend
On the raſh will, and vainer voyce of others?
But herein thou moſt ſlight'ſt thy ſelfe, to doubt
Thou canſt be undervalued by any,
Much les contemn'd, by him that dares not thinke
Himſelfe to be the worthier, but that thou
Suggeſts it for him, in thy vaine ſuſpicion:
They that beleeve themſelves deſpis'd, confeſſe
An inward doubt of their owne worthineſſe.
Spi. I am not for my part ambitious
Of the dull fame of ſtupid patience,
To be admir'd for wanting common ſence,
Like *Cato*, that could let one ſpit in's face,
And when he ſhould have wip'd off the diſgrace
With his ſharpe Sword, he did it with a left
And his ſoft handkerchiefe: This was that ſpirit
Thou lift'ſt above great *Alexander's* merit.
Iuſt. I, and above the glory' of *Hercules*,
Or what bold *Greece* hath left in hiſtories.

Of her great Captaines, to their endleſſe fame;
They Monſters, Kingdoms, & their luſts o'recame:
Cato fought not with Beaſts, nor did live when
'Twas thought that Heaven might be born up by (men,
But in an age when (barbariſm b'ing fled)
All induſtry and learning flouriſhed;
And in that time did brauely ſet upon
That Monſter, in many ſhapes, *Ambition*,
With all the crimes of *Rome*, and when the State
Was ready ev'n to ſinke with its owne weight,
He it ſupported with his onely hand;
And did (as much as one man could) withſtand
Romes inſtant fate, till forc't to let her goe
He became partner in her overthrow;
And ſo one ruine did them both oppreſſe,
Whom to have ſever'd had beene wickedneſſe;
For was it fit that liberty ſhould die
And *Cato* live? That had been contumely,
Not the purgation of a mouth that might
As well have done the Sun or Moon deſpight:
But I will leave thee to thy thoughts a while,
For wholeſome counſell like ſafe Phyſicke is,
Unpleaſant in the taſte, and muſt haue time
To work upon th'humour; thou that art maſter
Of ſo much worth, wilt maſter in the end
Thoſe paſſions that with reaſon now contend.

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

Spinola.

I Muſt needs make a ſtrong pretence to worth,
That dare pretend, *Inſtinian*, to thy love;
But when I finde how much I violate
The ſacred lawes of friendſhip, that refuſe
T'anatomize my very Soule to thee;
I am compel'd t'acknowledge mine owne ſhame,
Or to ſuſpect thy knowne fidelity:
The plot, wherewith I labour, can admit
No counſell, but a neceſſary faith
In the bold Actor, whoſe ſubſiſtence binds him
To reſolution, and to ſecrecy;
All friendly truſt is folly, every man
Hath one, to whom he will commit as much
As is to him committed: our deſignes,
When once they creepe from our owne private breaſts,
Doe in a moment through the City flie,
Who tels his ſecret ſells his liberty:
But ſhall I ſuffer this black treachery
To boile within my doubtfull breaſt? miſchiefe
Though it be ſafe can never be ſecure;
Or ſhall I eaſe my thoughts, and give it vent?
Yes; prick a full-ſwolne bladder to relax it,
Or bore a hole i'th bottome of the ſhip

To coole a Calenture? dull foole, thy life
Is with thy fame concern'd: beſides the baſe
Rejection of thy Sonne (lodg'd deepely here)
He wrought the Senate to conferre the charge
Of our late ayd lent *Savoy* againſt *France*,
On raſh *Marino*, ſo to blaſt thy merit;
Be confident, he that durſt often venture
T'affront thee, meant to proſecute thy ruine;
And 'tis no greater hazard to attempt
Death, than diſgrace, that makes his life contemptible:
On then, be bold and ſecret, *Spinola*,
So ſhalt thou reape the double benefit
Of ſafety and revenge: all wickedneſſe
Is counted vertue, when 'tis proſperous;
Be not by any reconcilement led
To truſt thy foe; th'art ſafe when he is dead.

Actus Primus. Scena Quarta.

Imperiale, Honoria, Angelica, Nugella attending.

HOw comes it, deare, that the clear ſky, thy (lookes,
Is ſuddenly o're-caſt? what miſty vapour
Hath rais'd thoſe ſtormy clouds? can bright *Aurora*
Riſe cheerefully from ſhrivel'd *Tythons* bed?
And thou ſo diſcontentedly from mine?

But

But I'll not doubt the cauſe to ſpring from me,
Rather from feare of yong Prince *Doria's* ſafety,
Whoſe great affayres perhaps have made him
His promiſe to the utmoſt, not to break it, (ſtretch
Though he could not prevent our expectation,
Hee'll not deceiv't, but like th'approaching Sun,
Wil ſoon expell theſe miſts, and cheer our hearts.

Hon. I am ſolicitous, I muſt confeſſe,
Of his returne, whom we have long expected,
To whom we have deſign'd our only daughter,
And with her both our fortunes and our loves:
But the true cauſe of all theſe perturbations
Which you diſcover in my countenance,
Is a ſtrange dreame (heaven make it but a dreame)
And I perhaps ſhould but have thought it ſo,
Had not my daughter, ev'n this very night,
And the ſame houre, as neere as we can gueſſe,
With the like viſion beene diſquieted:
Me thought we harbour'd in our houſe a Wolfe,
Bred up ſo tame, that all did handle him,
Which like a dog would fawn on them that beat (him;
Till on a time, accompani'd with another
Of his owne race, he ruſh't into the chamber
Where I together with my daughter ſate,
There they reſum'd their native cruelty;
The one aſſaulted her, the other me,
And tearing firſt our Iewells from our necks,
They made us both at length their fatall prey.

Ang. O how the terror of that dreadfull viſion
Affrights my ſoule! I tremble when I think on't:
Me thought the heartſtrings of Prince *Doria* crak't
At the dire newes, it prov'd the overthrow
Of our whole Family: we differ but in this,
The Savage Executioners to me
Seem'd to be Bears, creatures as bloody as wolves,
Imp. It is no wonder that your dreams concurr'd,
Since there is that relation in your bloud:
I muſt beleeve, you had the day before
Communicated ſome ſad thoughts together,
Which in the night your wakefull phantaſies
From a like temperature of brain reduc'd
Into like formes, ſuggeſting that for truth
Which is at beſt but fond imagination;
What can be vainer then a womans dreame?
T'is leſſe to be regarded then her teares,
Which are prepar'd to flow at her command.
Hon. Caſſandra's true predictions were deſpis'd.
Imp. And wel they might, had *Troy* bin providēt.
Hon. Many at length deplore their unbeleefe.
Imp. But more lament their raſh credulity.
Hon. Future events by dreams have bin reveal'd.
Imp. So did old wiſards doubtfull things unfold
By flights of birds, ſuch witchcrafts now are ceas't
And we from thoſe dark errours are releas't:
To talke of viſions is an indiſcretion,
Practis'd by Children, and diſtemper'd perſons;

Goe

Imperiale,

Goe then, prepare your ſelves for ſolid joyes,
On this day the Republick yeerly payes
A retribution to our Family;
And as I heare (the time being *Carnivall*)
Some myrth ſhall ſeaſon our ſolemnity;
If *Doria* come to day, as we expect,
To morrow nothing ſhall be heard of us
But ſongs of *Hymen* and *Thaliſſus*.

Hon. Never could any wretches be more glad
To be deceiv'd.

Ang. My heart continues ſad.

Actus Primus. Scena Quinta.

Imperiale.

O Wretched ſtate of man, to whom the time
By nature made for eaſe, is found unquiet!
Sleepe, properly cald reſt, who can expreſſe
How reſtles it becomes through various dreams?
Which are ſo ſtrongly formed by the fancy,
That though they be moſt falſe, & when we wake
Should wholly vaniſh, yet even then they leave
A deepe Impreſſion in the troubled minde;
Nor doth this only happen to weake women,
But unto men of ſpeciall eminence,
Working upon their hopes as well as feares;

Who many times to their confuſion
Have by ſuch drowſie errors bin reduc'd;
Hence did *Amilcar* venture to aſſault
Strong *Syracuſe* deluded by a dreame:
But though it be a folly beyond pardon
To venture life or fortune in purſuit
Of ſuch a vanity, yet in all things
Abundant warines can never hurt:
My ſlave may not unfitly be compar'd
To a tame Wolfe, or Beare, who may perchance
Reſent his late ſharpe caſtigation;
Him will I ſend to my owne Galley, where
He ſhall be chain'd from miſchiefe, and to me
Not prove unuſefull, when the ſmalleſt doubt
May eas'ly be remov'd, who would omit it?
Let others loſe themſelves in labyrinthes
Of hidden ſuperſtition, and beleeve
The ayre to be repleniſhed with ſpirits,
Who by a naturall and inherent vertue
Foreſeeing things to come, and taking pity
Upon improvident man, reveale by viſions
The dangers that approach, to th'end he may
By timely care prevent his miſery;
I'll not depend on ſuch *intelligence*
T'informe me whether *Spinola* hath buried,
Or only hid, his long continued malice,
I'll fetch my preſervation neerer, hence;
That ſhall conſerve this individuall;

No man can ſuffer ill but from himſelfe:
Fate onely awes the ſlothfull; wiſedome Barres
The powerfull operation of the ſtarres.

Chorus of two.

1 *THoſe men that miſchiefe doe deviſe,*
Had need to borrow Argus *eyes*
To looke about; a poore ſlave may
By chance lie hid, and then betray.

2 *Within the houſe they may ſuſpect,*
That walls and beds may them detect,
And in the field they muſt provide,
That not a buſh a ſpie may hide.

1 *And albeit they ſhut the doore,*
Having well ſearcht the houſe before,
Yet they may be betray'd: for proofe,
Iove in a ſhowre did pierce the roofe.

2 *Though in the field no tree, nor buſh,*
Nor bird be neere, nor winde doth ruſh,
Yet undiſcern'd a fairy drab
Their whole diſcourſe may heare and blab.

1 *Then ſince that neyther houſe, nor field,*
To our blacke crimes can ſafety yeeld,

Let us be vertuous, and not feare
What all the world can ſee or heare.

2 *Our dreames are often found to be*
Fruits of a wandring phantaſie;
Yet many times they likewiſe are
Sure pledges of Celeſtiall care.

1 *Some men beleeve too much, and ſome*
Conceive no truths by dreames can come;
It is a knowledge given to few
To finde if they be falſe or true.

2 *Then as it is a raſh miſpriſion*
To count each idle dreame a viſion;
So 'tis an error at the leaſt
To thinke all viſions are quite ceaſt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Franciſco.

CAn no advice of friends? nor mine own reaſon
Hold me from ſtrong purſuit of what I finde
Can never be obtain'd? am I ſo ſtupid
After ſo many ſcornes not to deſiſt?
An arrow ſhot may ſooner be recal'd

Then

Then her affection; th' *Apennine*, the *Alpes*
Will eas'lier be removed then her Father:
Feed not thy ſelf, fond foole, with deſperat hopes:
But ſhall I, arm'd with powerfull love, conſult
With *cold deliberation*, the weake Childe
Of feeble age? the towring Eagle may
More eas'ly be confin'd within high walls,
Than that wing'd boy, that hover'd over *Chaos*
Be ty'd to humane poſſibilities:
What transformations did the antique Poets
Affirme to have bin wrought on men and Gods
By his ſole deity? which *Iove* himſelfe (ſpies,
His frequent *paſtime* found; what guards, what
He hath deceiv'd and forc't, the fiery Bull,
The wakefull Dragon, and glaz'd *Argus* witneſſe.
Though ſhe that's truly nam'd *Angelica*
Should now abhor thy perſon; love can lend thee
The ſhape of him ſhe loves; were ſhe averſe
From all mankinde, if ſhe like any thing
She may at length be brought to dote on thee:
But may I not be tax'd of too much ſloth,
Neglecting active induſtry, t'expect
To be aſſiſted by ſuch miracles?
I yet have only trod the beaten path
Of vowed ſervice, friends good will, and Iointure
The elder Brothers formall evidence:
I am ſo farre from practiſing the art
Of ſpels and philters, I have quite omitted

Corruption

Corruption of her confidents and ſervants:
I am too cheape a lover and too tame,
And hitherto have taught her to deny
By eaſie asking; I muſt let her know
What I dare doe: my Father is incens'd
At my repulſe, his old ſuppreſſed hate
Renewes it ſelfe; hee'll rather condeſcend
To match me with a *fury*, than with her:
It will be wiſdome to decline th'alliance
Of him thy Father counts his enemy:
It would be wrechednesſe to make thy love
Depend upon th'affections of another:
He never lov'd that can for any cauſe
Suſpend his love: ſet then before thine eies
Valiant *Achilles*, who acquir'd more honour
By conſtancie, even to his enemies daughter,
In ſpite of th'oppoſition of his friends,
Than e're he did by *Hectors* overthrow:
Redeeme the time *Franciſco*, though't be ſhort,
And let this one day ſatisfie the loſſe
Of weekes and moneths; her father keeps a ſlave
A cunning *African*, whoſe very ſoule
For money, and hope of liberty I'll buy,
Him will I ſtraight imploy; love ne're refuſes
The baſeſt inſtruments, if they be uſefull,
A drudge may finde more corners in the houſe
Than ere the maſter knew, and may diſcover
A ſecret inlet to betray a City;

There

There will I now begin, he ſhall adviſe
Where I ſhall plant my golden batteries.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Imperiale. Moloſſo.

I Am with wonder ſtrucken, not with feare,
At thy relation of this barbarous plot,
Contriv'd againſt my life, after faith given
Of firme attonement: but the Leopards ſpots,
Or ſtaines of virgin honour may as ſoone
Be wip't away, as hatred that hath ſeiz'd
A cankred breaſt; this machination
Is ſo inhumane, that to lend it credit
Is a degree to inhumanity.

Mol. To give ſlow faith to ſuch a horrid plot
Becomes a heart ſo full of piety;
But in this blacke deſigne many preſumptions
Unite themſelves to fortifie beliefe;
Nor is it to be thought, the wretch durſt faine it
Giving ſo ſhort a time to be diſprov'd;
The heavens forbid your vertuous diffidence
Should leave you to the hazard: I muſt count
This bleſt diſcovery a large recompence,
Of former ils fortune hath thrown on me:
For I am bold to hope, it will by you

Be graciouſly accepted, though I finde
Some late unhappy errors have inforc't,
Your patience to inflict juſt puniſhment
On him that is your ſlave, and might expect
The reſtleſſe miſery of the painfull oare,
With all the wants that ever were ſuſtain'd
In a remorſles Galley, but your goodneſſe
(In ſpite of fate that meant all this) is pleas'd
To give me ſhelter under your owne roofe,
And to the emulation of my fellowes
To grant the favour of your houſhold ſervice;
A bondage which I truely may prefer
Above the common peoples liberty:
Theſe are the benefits, that invite my ſoule
To meditate your preſervation,
Which e're I ceaſe to doe, *Tiber* and *Poe*
Shall quite abandon fertile *Italy*,
And waſh th' *Arabian* lands; though I am rude,
I muſt abhor man's ſhame, Ingratitude.

Imp. Fortune and thy integrity have found
A weighty occaſion, to confirme and fixe thee
With roots of adamant, in my good opinion:
Nor doth it happen often to a ſervant,
T'enjoy the happy meanes t'account himſelfe
The ſaver of his maſter: Kings are borne
More frequently, than ſuch examples found:
But if to this unvalu'd benefit
Thy pregnant induſtry can adde a ſecond,

The

The miſchiefe to divert upon himſelfe,
Thou, having ſav'd me now, ſhalt crown me then.
Mol. Great ſir, you owe the thanks of what's yet done
To *chance* alone; I am ambitious
Of ſomething that might merit, if at leaſt
The diligence and induſtry of one
Of my condition, may deſerve that title.
Imp. It may, it may; great merit is in ſtory
Aſcrib'd ſometimes to bondmen; all our ſoules
Are free and equall, thence our merits flow:
Why ſhould the perſon vilifie the worke,
And not the worke rather ennoble him?
It is the benefit we looke upon,
And not the givers meane condition.
Mol. I have a ripe deſigne that ſhall both give
Aſſurance of the truth of what I brought,
And powre the vengeance on your enemy;
Nor can it ever be diſcovered
To hurt your fame; it ſhall amaze the actor,
And ſhall be ſpeedy too; things of long time
Are ever doubtfull, loſt in expectation,
Propounded uſually for private ends,
Gain'd by degrees; an acceptable deed
Hath double welcome when 'tis done with ſpeed.
Imp. Noble *Moloſſo*, ſuch thy vertues make thee,
Proceed with Courage in thy enterpriſe,
Which I'll not preſſe to know, till the event,
But by implicit truſt freely declare

What

What confidence I meane to place in thee;
And take from mee this juſt encouragement
To reſt aſſur'd, thy ſervice hath not met
With an ungratefull maſter: I ſhall never
Forgive my late credulity, that meant
T' haue added to his former puniſhment.

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Moloſſo, Sango, Franciſco.

HEe's now made ſure, I muſt with ſpeed finde
Yong *Spinola*, and ſpeak with *Sango* too, (out
Behold 'hem both together, t'will ſucceed.
San. See where *Moloſſo* comes, Sir.
Fran. O 'tis hee.
How is't *Moloſſo*? thy face hath buſineſſe in't
I would thou wert at leyſure.
Mol. My toyl'd body
Will not admit a cheerfull countenance;
But I can throw off care, if you command.
Fran. Wouldſt thou embrace redemption?
Mol. Aske me whether
I would not wiſh ſome ſhade if I were broyl'd
Upon the *Lybian* Sands, where *Cancer* reignes:
But Sir, if I miſtake not, you ſuſtayne
A greater ſervitude, yet ſeeke not freedome.

Fra.

(Loves fetters;

Fra. Thou woul'dſt perſwade me to ſhake off

Mol. Rather to change them into chaines of
To wealth and ornament; it may be done (gold,
Without your *Chymicall* projection.

Fra. Thou ſhould'ſt not ſtand in need of that
Could this b'effected. (t'enrich thee;

Mol. Sir I have no art,
Nor leiſure to diſcourſe, but I have heard
There is by fate an opportunity
Allotted every man, to make him rich
And happy too, provided he take hold,
And I am confident that's offer'd you.

Fra. What? to enjoy divine *Angelica?*
No treaſure elſe can make me rich or happy.

Mol. When ſhe is brought into your own poſſeſ-
You can but blame your ſelfe if ſhe depart. (ſion,

Fra. I ſhall deſtroy my ſelfe if then ſhe ſcape,
But how? prithy convey thy joyfull newes
Into me by a reverend ſecrecie,
That I may be all eare, while thou art whiſpering.

They whiſper.

San. What plot ſhould this be now? I long to
Moloſſo doubts ſome accident may happen (know;
Upon his Maſters death, and wiſely ſeekes
To gaine a friend, under whoſe ſafe protection
He may be ſheltred from a ſudden ſtorme;

I have an equall ſhare in the ſucceſſe
Of his deſignes; his preſervation's mine,
And therefore need not be inquiſitive,
Th'aſſured fate of his obdurate Lord
May make that good he promiſeth; the daughter,
If once the father were remov'd, perhaps
Would entertaine new thoughts, me thinks ſhe (ſhould
Be ſenſible of *Doria's* neglects:
Who can condemne this yong mans hot deſire?
Were I as free, as noble as himſelfe,
I ſhould moſt willingly become her ſlave,
And I doe hate my forc't condition
For no one ill ſo much, as that it brings
Deſpaire of ſuch tranſcendent happineſſe.

Fra. I'm raviſht with it, 'tis the ſpritfull childe
Of thine owne braine, and will not brook delay.

Mol. That's true: I'll ſee that all things be prepar'd:
If the leaſt wheele be out of frame, the *Watch*
Is altogether uſeleſſe.

Fra. Winde it up,
That I may obſerve each minute of the time
That is the *Cryſis* of my life or death:
Firſt take a taſte of my enſuing bounty,
It may relieve thee, ſhould we be diſcover'd:
If by this plot my preſent hopes ſucceed,
All future Lovers ſhall thy ſtory reade.

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

Sango, Molosso.

I See thou haſt a golden plot in hand,
Thou muſt impart.
Mol. Halfe this is due to thee
By our eſtabliſht law of equall fortunes.
San. I would I might ſhare with *Franciſco* too.
Mol. That riddle quickly will unfold it ſelfe:
But *Sang'* I'm glad I met thee, I was forc't
For ſome important reaſons to reveale
Thy weighty ſecret to my Patron. *San.* How?
Mol. I was compell'd to do't.
San. What? to diſcloſe it?
And unto him? Is this your dumb mans vertue?
Canſt thou ſo ſoon forget thine own vile wrongs?
Ha's the dull ayre of *Europe* chill'd thy bloud?
For thy ſole cauſe I hardly could contayne
My preſent joy in the diſcovery, (it,
Though death ſtood gaping for me while I heard
And would'ſt thou cowardly betray thy fortune?
Mol. My obligation to my ſtarres, and thee
Their *Mercury*, can never be expreſt;
Which I have husbanded to my advantage:
It is the ground from whence I'll take my riſe,
To leap, and fall like dreadfull thunder on him;

It is not vengeance, but ſoft piety
To wiſh a foe's death, when he's fit to die,
To let him live, and feele himſelfe ſo wretched,
That hee ſhall ſeeke and ſue for abſent death,
Is a revenge becomes me, and I'll have it;
Thou know'ſt my Patrons former truſt was
Into a ſudden jealouſie, which ſprang (chang'd
From conſciouſneſſe of his baſe injuries;
This hath remov'd that doubt, and ſet me right
In his loſt good opinion, which I meane
Still to confirme by my ſtrict diligence,
Till time and opportunity ſhall ſhew,
How far this petty-miſchiefe I'll out-goe.

San. Now are thy thoughts full plum'd, it pleaſes
To ſee thee mount, not flag in thy revenge; (me
I muſt confeſſe, I love a preſent miſchiefe;
But, if it may conduce to thy brave ends,
To make a fain'd retreat, and then returne
With greater violence; I muſt conſent,
And when th'art ready for thy great aſſault,
But, this, and I ſhall joyne; in the meane time
Let nothing be diſcover'd to my Patron;
If that be, death's the beſt I can expect.

Mol. Reſt thou ſecure, & to expreſſe my thanks,
It ſhall not be the leaſt part of my plot,
To give thee meanes to gaine the full fruition
Of her, that *Genua* ſo admires and ſtrives for.

San. Can there be hope of ſuch a happineſſe?

Mol.

Mol. I, and a good aſſurance of ſucceſſe.
San. I ſhall embrac't with all the circumſtance
Of danger, that bold treaſon undergoes,
Or what accompanies forbidden love
In the moſt jealous climes: I ſhould deſire
In the fruition of ſuch bliſſe t'expire.
Mo. Stoutly reſolv'd, come, let us lay our ground,
We ſhal build ſure, when our foundation's ſound.

Actus ſecundus. Scena Quinta.

Verdugo.

VNder a homely habit many times,
Vertue lies hid; this ruſtick weed conceales
An Engine, that can fruſtrate *providence*:
When I attempt the death of any man,
No towne of Garriſon, not his owne houſe,
Nor any place of ſanctuary can ſave him:
Nor doth my praiſe conſiſt in this alone,
That I command the life of whom I liſt;
A deſperate wretch may claime that priviledge:
He that is weary of his owne, may be
Lord of anothers life; but ſuch attempts
Hatch't onely by a phrenſie ſeldome proſper:
My actions are the fruits of a bold ſpirit,
Temper'd with judgement, done with ſecrecy:
Hence is our brave profeſſion found to be

Of ſpeciall uſe to aw the inſolent,
And ſecure thoſe that ſeeke to live in peace.
What ſatisfaction is it to a man
That receives wrong, to call his enemy forth,
And then expoſe himſelfe to equall hazard?
Or in ſtrict Common-wealths t'appeale to Law,
As if a fain'd ſubmiſſion in ſet words
Could cure the piercing ſting of injury?
No, 'tis aſſurance of a cloſe revenge
That plants civility, deters and keeps men
From giving, and from ſuffering affronts;
This benefit we bring to every man,
Yes, and the publicke States of *Italy*,
How e're they cenſure our particular actions,
Receive no ſmall ſecurity from us;
Treaſon would hardly finde juſt puniſhment
Within their narrow territories, if we
Should not, like eager hounds, purſue the traitors,
And make them know, that in another Country
The juſtice of their owne can overtake'hem;
Let then the ſlothfull tax us, that our ends
Are not the publike good, but private gaine,
Which we preferre above mankind; this is
But what's objected to the ſouldier; he
Will fight againſt his brother for reward;
Men ought to follow their vocation;
The fountaine of our livelyhood is profit,
Without which, honour challenging the skill

To nouriſh arts, cannot provide us clothes;
Nor vertue, noys'd to be the greateſt good,
Procure us bread. Nor yet is our profeſſion
More cruell then the graveſt; I have heard
Of Lawyers, that are priviledg'd to cut
Their clients throats, with a perplext Indenture,
A parchment Saw. The learn'd Phyſitian,
Following the long and beneficiall way
Of reverend *Galen*, by degrees will purge
The humours of his Patient, till he leaves
Nothing but bones for death, and hungry wormes
To gnaw upon; as for his pliant skinne,
That, while he lives, by pieces is pull'd off,
Till he be wholly flea'd: the Uſurer,
Is't not his uſe to binde men firſt in bonds,
And bring 'hem then to execution,
Extending both their bodies and their lands
Upon a racke? we are more pitifull,
And by an unexpected way diſpatch
Quicker than lightning, or a cunning heads-man,
For all the ill of death is apprehenſion;
How's *Imperiale* wrong'd, if when he hath
But newly ſaid his prayers, I releaſe him
From the enſuing miſeries of age?
And when that work's perform'd, my charity
May doe as much for *Spinola* himſelfe,
Provided I be offer'd like conditions,
My hand of juſtice is not partiall.

But ſoft, this pleaſing contemplation
May make m'omit the time of action,
Which now drawes neere; my plot is ſo con-
That being purſu'd with reſolution, (triv'd,
It cannot want ſucceſſe; our beſt deſignes
Are often croſt, when through a fond remorſe
We change our counſels: few have learn'd the
To be or wholly good, or wholly ill. (skill

Chorus of two.

1 *FOnd youth to hope, where no hope is,*
And to be brought to place thy truſt
On him, that makes deceit his bliſſe,
And counts it folly to be juſt:
Goe waſh an Ethiop *white, and finde*
Faith harbour'd in a ſlaviſh minde.

2 *Love wanting eyes, makes all men blinde,*
That to his power ſubmit their wils;
No counſell can acceptance finde,
But ſuch as their owne luſt fulfils.
To be in love, and to be wiſe,
Apollo *to himſelfe denies.*

1 *When he that hath receiv'd harme,*
Requites it with pretended love,
We muſt beleeve 'tis but a charme,
Quicke-ey'd ſuſpition to remove.
Some may doe good for good, few will
Be brought to render good for ill.

2 *Is it not ſtrange to finde a Trade,*
Will act what our Revenge deviſes?
To ſee ſuch formall bargaines made
To kill, or wound at ſeverall prices?
At which thoſe publique States connive
That doe by private faction thrive.

1 *But though ſome doe commit theſe crimes,*
Yet let not us beleeve we may
Only cry out againſt the times,
And be our ſelves as bad as they:
But let our vertuous deeds prevent
Both theirs, and our owne puniſhment.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Angelica, Nugella.

ALthough my father hath reſolv'd all doubts
My reaſon could object; yet ſtill I feele
A chilling vapour hover in my breaſt,
Which many times breaks forth in ſudden ſighes,
For which I can aſſigne no other cauſe,
Than that the world cannot affoord a Ioy
Unmixt with reall or ſuppoſed ſorrow;
Hence is it that moſt Brides are found to weepe,
Yet know not why, upon their wedding day.

Nug. Such follies are too common, I confeſſe,
But ſhould I have the happines to ſee
Yong Hymen in his yellow ſocks my gueſt,
I'de entertaine him with no other teares
Than ſuch as from preſt grapes in Autumne flow,
Wherewith his drowſie head and wither'd gar-
I would bedew; till to his twinkling eyes (land
Each tapour ſhould preſent a double light, (Songs
While waggiſh Boyes ſhould with their wanton
Prepare our thoughts to our enſuing pleaſures.

Ang. Fie, fie, *Nugella*, no laciviouſnes
Can 'ere become ſolemnities, that muſt
Create us Matrons; there is cauſe to feare
Their chaſtity, that unchaſt ſongs can heare.

Nug. Is it a ſhame to lend our eares to that
We are allow'd to do?

Ang. Yes many things
Are lawfull and yet ſhamefull to be done
Or ſpoken publikely.

Nug. A woman may
Be free in outward Geſture, yet preſerve
An inward chaſtity; and I know many
Both rich and noble Ladyes ſo diſpos'd.

Ang. T'is not the glittering canopie of greatnes,
But th'humble vaile of modeſty muſt guard
A womans fame; which being once throwne off
Leaves her expos'd to every bold aſſault. (ſtop

Nug. But when ſhe's found impregnable, t'will
Their vaine attemps.

Ang.

Ang. A fort cannot be thought
Impregnable, that offers frequent parlies.
Nug. Yet that (as I have heard) is often done
To gaine advantage and delude the foe.
Ang. Can it beſeeme a Virgin or a wife
To play with all th'allurements of *deſire*;
And thinke her honour's ſafe if ſhe abſtaine
From the bare act, the duller part of luſt?
Nug. They do but imitate thoſe Chariot-drivers
That you were wont to read of, whoſe praiſe was
To come as neere as might be, and not touch;
Love hath ordained by an antique law
Newly reviv'd, that every place and roome
In *Venus* pallace, be allow'd for ſport,
Except her cabinet, that muſt not be
Open'd nor touch't, at leaſt not willingly.
Ang. Thou wilt be waggiſh ſtill, But hark who
This wench that never felt the fire of love (knocks:
Thinks like a wanton Child, it may be plaid with
But ſhe will finde it one day far more raging,
Than that which fierce *Medea* did convey
Into *Creuſa's* robe: how now? who is't?
Nug. A ſtranger, with a letter, which he ſaies
He muſt preſent to your owne hand.
Ang. Admit him;
If it be from my *Doria*, I feare
Some unexpected accident, wherein
His honour is concern'd, retards his comming;

But I muſt likewiſe arme my ſelfe for wiles:
Such love as ours, cannot want envious plots.

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Doria diſguiſed. Angelica. Nugella.

I Shall not be diſcover'd by my voyce,
Italian Virgins are at diſtance woo'd,
And more by fame than verball courtſhip won:
This ſpeakes my errand, leaves no circumſtance
To be related by the meſſenger.
ee how her bloud retires, to ayd her heart,
o lookes bright *Phœbe*, when *Theſſalian* charmes
trike her with feare, or th'early Roſe, whoſe
lipt by a later froſt, appears like ſnow: (beauty
Now it returnes, and ſettles in her cheekes,
s if the newes tooke no impreſſion:
ich orient beames when youthfull *day* returnes,
y the bedewed Shepheard are beheld.
Ang. I may ſuppoſe you, Sir, not ignorant
f what you bring; and may beleeve y'have heard
mething of yong Prince *Doria* and me.
Dor. Lady, I have; fame with her ſilver trumpet
ith blaz'd your conſtant loves.
Ang. And are you not
rangely amaz'd, to ſee me reade theſe lines
ithout a ſhowre of teares?

Dor.

Dor. If they relate
Any diſaſter, you then imitate
Thoſe ancient *Worthies*, that had bravely lear
To conquer paſſion at the firſt aſſault.
Nug. You thinke yong women very impati
To have their joyes defer'd; my Ladie's wiſe
To beare it thus, ſo long as he is ſafe.
Ang. Hee's dead, *Nugella*; the great General
Writes me, that he having the ſole command
Of an important place, forſooke the ſame,
And in his ſwift retrait, receiv'd a ſhot
I'th hinder part of's head.
Nug. O dolefull accident!
Ang. Canſt thou be ſo ingratefull to my *Dor*
To lend it ſuch a ſerious beleefe,
As may deſerve a teare?
Nug. I would I durſt
Suſpect what comes ſo to our woe confirm'd.
Ang. Were it confirm'd by the unerring ſe
Of this wiſe ſtate, it ſhould not merit faith.
Nug. Alas, he was not to be thought immorta
Ang. But was he not to be acknowledg'd valian
That attribute his foes did not deny him:
Had theſe contrived lines contain'd but this,
Brave *Doria's* ſlaine, a torrent, hence, had guſht
That like *Alpheus*, had through earth and ſea
Wander'd unmixt, till in the gulfe of death,
It ſhould have loſt it ſelfe in ſeeking him.

when I finde impoſſibilities
ely obtruded, my true love diſdaines
lend beleefe to any circumſtance:
's could as ſoone be frighted from his ſphear,
he from any charge he undertooke:
a malicious ſcandall; and although
nature ev'n abhors to uſe a ſtranger
th any incivility, yet I'm forc't
taxe the bearer with this vile impoſture.
Dor. By great Saint *George*, the Patron of this
ria himſelfe is not more innocent. (State,
. That name is ſacred, let me then conjure thee
anſwer truly but to this one queſtion.
Dor. I ſhall.
Ang. Was there before you left the Army,
y report of this ſad newes you brought?
Dor. I dare not ſay there was.
Ang. The Palace cracks
hen ſuch a pillar falls: the Generall
e of thoſe many which my fortune woo'd,
vious that *Doria* gain'd both that and me,
d knowing well, that valour alwaies is
e ſpeciall object of a noble love,
empted thus to ſhake my conſtancy:
if the fates ſhould prove ſo cruell to me,
make me ſurvive him; this is my vow,
ſtand for ever like ſad *Niobe*,
weeping ſtatue to his memory.

Dor.

Dor. Never did ſuch a vertuous courage reſt,
In the calme harbour of a Virgins breaſt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

Spinola.

AS the ſlie Fowler having over night,
Set cunningly his artificiall net,
Early returnes, with an aſſured hope
To finde the fowle inſnar'd: ſo are my thoughts
Wholly poſſeſt, with preſent expectation
Of the glad newes of my ſucceſſefull plot;
The managing whereof, I never can
Within my ſelfe ſufficiently applaud:
I have not like raſh *Piſo*, fooliſhly
Diſperſt my truſt; nor like the ſonnes of *Brutus*,
Diſclos'd my ſecret, where a ſervant might
Diſcover, and betray; my warineſſe
In a ſafe garden whiſper'd my deſigne,
And but to one, that if it ſhould miſcarry,
And hee through feare or puniſhment confeſſe;
Yet I am ſure to have but one accuſer,
Whoſe teſtimony my power and bold deniall
Will eaſily convince; but theſe miſtruſts
Are altogether needleſſe: I may be
As confident as thoſe *Sicilians*,
Who when their chiefe confederat was ſurpriz'd,

Sc

So much reli'd upon his reſolution,
As that not any one of them would flie,
And ſo conceal'd their bold conſpiracy.
Behold my kinſmen bringing joyfull newes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

Evagrio, Fidele, Spinola.

OH that I were ſnatch't up into the sky,
And there transform'd into a cloud, that ſo
I might diſſolve into a ſhowre of teares! (ſcene?
Fid. Can the day ſee ſuch miſchiefe, and be
And not make haſte to ſhrowd his guilty head
Under the gloomy Canopy of night?
Spin. What earthquake? what prodigious
Hath ſtrook you both with horror? (ſpectacle
Eva. Oh he's dead!
Spin. Why ſhould that ſo amaze or you, or me,
Since death muſt be the lot of every man?
Fid. Alas, your ſonne.
Spin How doth it concerne him?
Eva. Great ſir, your deare and only ſonne is
Spin. How's this? (ſlaine.
Fid. He's murther'd ſacrilegiouſly
Even in the Temple-porch, he was diſguis'd,
And thought of all t'have bin *Imperiale.*
Spin. I am undone;

Fid.

Fid. The desperate actor was
Clad in a country habit, (and it seemes,)
Mistooke the person; when he saw his face,
He tore his viperous haire; the Iudge was present,
Who gave command to bring him instantly,
To receive speedy judgement.

Spin. Over reach't
In mine owne plot? the sword of my revenge
Turn'd on my selfe? and drown'd in mine owne (bowels?
I am betraid, yet cannot suspect how;
It could not be by mortall subtilty,
It was some divell lurking in the ayre;
How shall I be reveng'd? O that he would
Assume a humane body, that I might
Encounter him! but I have found the way,
I'll study the black art, turne Conjurer,
And then impose a labour on them all,
Worse then *Ixion*, or the *Belides*
Are said to undergoe.

Eva. We have done ill,
To rush upon him with such violence;
The suddain griefe hath halfe distracted him;
Wee'll strive to temper it with better hopes.
Things may not be so bad as our affections
Have made us feare; *Francisco Spinola*
Was often nam'd.

Fid. But neither of us both
Can say we saw him dead.

Spin.

Spin. Nay then I ſee
Y'are villaines hir'd, ſuborn'd to undermine me:
Firſt you confound me with your horrid newes,
And then confeſſe ye may be both miſtaken:
But I am arm'd with patience, if *Imperial*
Retaining ſtill his late abjured malice,
Hath by ſome helliſh art contriv'd this miſchiefe,
I may in juſt reſentment of my wrongs,
Implore heavens vengeance on his perjur'd head,
And this is all y'are like to ſcrue frō me. (doubt us,
Fid. Let not your troubled thoughts make you
Who for his life would ſacrifice our owne.
Spi. I will deviſe a ſtratagem, ſhall need
No other hand but this, which I'll conceale
From my owne ſelfe, till th'inſtant time of action;
For if I ſhould diſcloſe it in a place
Where there are trees, or flowers, I am betrai'd:
I would not breathe it forth, unleſſe it were
After a dreadfull thunder, that had purg'd
The ayre, and frighted thence thoſe ſubtill ſpies,
That to our foes by night betray our plots.
Eva. You haue a faithfull friend, to whom you
Safely powre out the ſecrets of your heart, (may
The wiſe *Iuſtinian.*
Spin. O that name is like
A pretious balme to cure the wounds of fortune!
Fid. Pleaſe you retire, I'll bring him preſently.
Spi. No wilde rebellion of my paſſions can
Make me neglect the friendſhip of that man,

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Meloſſo, Imperiale.

NOw you may ſee, ſir, you were not abus'd
In our diſcovery, and I hope you finde
My undertakings and your truſt made good.
Imp. The Sunne at noone is not more cleerely (ſeene:
But may it not breed a ſuſpicion
That he was clad like me?
Mol. Why ſir you know
'Tis now th'unruly time of *Carnivall*,
When every man takes what diſguiſe he pleaſes.
Imp. But I much wonder how he was perſwa- (ded
To put himſelfe ſo ſoone into my habit.
Mol. I brought him to a ſtrong beleefe, that he
By that device and my aſſiſtance ſhould
Convey away your daughter.
Imp. I intended
The Father ſhould be puniſht, not the ſonne.
Mol. By this your vengeance is more exquiſite;
Make your account that with the ſon y'have thruſt
The father through, who having found himſelfe
O're-reacht by you, or by his own juſt fate,
In ſuch a counterplot, muſt needs at length
Become his own dire executioner;
In the meane time his life is worſe than death.

Imp. True, true; death's the requeſt of ſuch: to dy
Not wretched is, but to live wretchedly:
Vengeance is meere compaſſion when we kill:
I feele a joy beyond expreſſion:
There is no pleaſure like to ſweet revenge:
But I deſire things ſhould be carried ſo
That I be ſtill reputed innocent. (was taken,
Mol. That's my ſole care; the Brave in th'act
And by command'ment of the preſent Iudge,
Is brought already to receive his tryall.
Imp. Thou ſhalt do well to hearken aloofe off:
I'll take no notice but in generall,
And will proceed in our intended mirth.
Mol. By all meanes ſir.
Imp. We muſt at this time ſhun
Vnuſuall privacie; keep thou thy diſtance,
But know, that both my life and fortunes are
Moſt willingly committed to thy care.

Actus Tertius. Scena ſexta.

Iudge, Doctor, Witneſſes, Verdugo, Officers.

SInce it hath been the cuſtome of this ſtate
To place a ſtranger on this high Tribunall,
Ordaining a profeſſour of the Lawes,
As his aſſiſtant (b'ing the place you hold)

It is our duty to discharge that trust
With all integrity, and not to looke
Upon mens persons, but to weigh their crimes
In equall ballance, to which purpose now,
Although a strange and horrid sacriledge
Hath cal'd us hither in unusuall haste;
Yet it must be our chiefe care to proceed
With due deliberation; otherwise
Though just our sentence be, we are unjust.

Doct. I have for some yeares had the happinesse
To be a witnesse of your constant session,
In all which time I have not heard a sentence
Pronounc't by you, that envy could pervert.

Iud. We must not thinke we deserve praise for
Which to neglect would merit punishment. (that,

Doct. But yet there are degrees of good and ill,
Wherein the actor takes a liberty.

Iud. Yet where the law prescribes a certain rule
A just Iudge cannot challenge liberty:
But let us now pursue the work in hand,
Where is the pris'ner?

Off. Here.

Doct. Let him draw neere.

Iud. His name?

Off. He cals himselfe *Verdugo*, sir.

Iud. Then know, *Verdugo*, though thy hainous
Be evident, yet the Iustice of this state (fact
Grants thee free leave to answer for thy selfe.

Ver. I thank the ſtate for their ſet complement.
Iud. Bring forth the witneſſes that he may ſee 'hem.
Off. They are both here if't pleaſe your Excel-(lence.
Iud. Have they been ſworne?
Dict. Yes both, ſir, before me. (truth.
Iud. Then by the oath y'have tane, declare the
Of what you know concerning this delinquent;
Begin you firſt.
Wit. 1. About ſome three houres ſince
B'ing in the *Domo*, I eſpi'd this man
At his firſt entrance, and although I never
To my remembrance ſaw his face before,
Yet inſtantly I found a ſtrange miſlike
Of his aſpect, which did increaſe the more,
Becauſe I ſaw him often fix his eyes
On him he ſlew, whom I conceiv'd to be
Signior *Imperiale*, I reveal'd my thoughts
To this yong man who then ſtood next me, who
Concurring with me did reſolve, as I
To watch him narrowly; we both agreed
To keep on either ſide of him, at length
I'th midſt of all the crowd, raiſing his arme
To fetch his blow, he hit me with his elbow,
At which I ſuddenly laid hold on him,
Suppoſing he had ſnatcht at ſome mans purſe,
But then I ſaw drop from his hand the ſheath
Of that dire weapon he had newly buried,
In the warme bowels of that Gentleman.

Wit.

Wit. 2. Moſt part of this I'averre, I ſtood ſo neer
That I perceiv'd the motion of his arme, (him
And looking down, ſpi'd bloud upon his hand.
Ver. The Canker take your Phyſiognomy
That made you try concluſions upon me.
Iud. There cannot be more cleer and pregnant
What have you to alledg in your defence? (proof;
Doct. He hath confeſt the fact.
Iud. Hath he confeſt
Who ſet him on? whether he meant to kill
Signior *Imperial'* or yong *Spinola?*
Ver. The one had done me wrong, but deſtiny
Made th'other take a *Carnival* diſguiſe
Somwhat too ſoone.
Iud. Such recreations,
Though in themſelves they be indifferent,
Yet in a ſacred Temple th'are prophane,
And draw downe vengeance.
Ver. Had there bin but hope
To have enervated their teſtimony;
The racke, nor the Strappado, no nor yet
The ſubtler torment both of fire and water
Should have inforc'd me to the leaſt confeſſion:
But'tis my fate, and therefore let me heare
My paſſing bell, my doome quickly pronounc'd;
For'twere ridiculous to expect favour,
Since your integrity (as you confeſt)
May not ſhew any, where the law condemnes.

Doct. Dar'ſt thou deride the Iudge?
Iud. Let him alone,
He hath no ſence of his owne miſery,
His boldneſſe moves not me, I ſhall proceed
With the unchanged countenance of Law,
And with a voyce not furious, but ſevere;
When I condemne a guilty man, 'tis done,
As if I ſtrook a Serpent, not with paſſion.
Doct. His wicked acts have hard'ned him, he came
No novice to this cruell enterpriſe:
In *Venice* he climing a Ladder, ſhot
Through the glaſſe window a *Clariſſmo*
Sitting at ſupper: ſlew a Count of *Naples*
In his own garden, having firſt obſerv'd
A place where he might ſcale the wall t'eſcape;
And that his wants may not obtrude the guilt
Vpon his fortune, he but lately raviſh't
A young and Noble Virgin in *Siena*,
The onely daughter of *Petruccio*.
Ver. Can that be thought to be a great offence?
Doct. The harmleſſe man thinks it no great offence,
With hot and beaſtly luſt to vitiate
A Damſell, at the moſt but ten yeares old.
Ver. Beleeve it, I have found'hem good at eight;
Why there are many like *Quartella*, ſir,
Remember not that they were ever maids.
Iud. He takes delight not onely in the act,
But in the infamy of wickedneſſe;

But

But I will rid the world of ſuch a monſter;
And therefore now, *Verdugo*, I pronounce,
Becauſe th'haſt heap'd up crimes, and drunk in (vice,
Which is diſperſed into every limb,
Thy body ſhall be laid upon a wheele,
And limb by limb be broken, till thou dyeſt;
Nor ſhalt thou then finde any other grave,
Than the blacke mawes of Vultures, and remaine
In the meane time a ſpectacle to men:
This ſentence juſtice hath declar'd by me.

Ver. Sir?

Iud. Not to be revok't, take him away,
And early in the morning ſee't be done.

Ver. I'll beare it manfully, although I feele
Ixion-like the torment of the wheele.

Iud. Such malefactors in a State, are like
To putrified members in mans body,
Which like a skilfull Surgeon, law findes beſt
To cut off quite leaſt they infect the reſt.

Chorus of two.

1 *Love built on vertue, cannot be*
Led by a raſh credulity,
To entertaine reports that tend
To the diſhonour of a friend.
True love is confident, a doubt
That ſlakes loves fire will put it out.

2 *As they whoſe tongues are us'd to erre*

Are not beleev'd, when they averre
That which is true; ſo when we know
A ſtory falſe in part, we grow
Ielous of all; if truth once touch
On falſhood, it is render'd ſuch.

1 *When men in their revengefull hate*
Doe ſtudy others ruines, Fate
Acts Iuſtice part, to let them ſee
They plotted their owne miſery.
'Tis juſt that they themſelves ſhould finde,
What they to others have deſign'd.

2 *But how are theſe amaz'd, when they*
Being about to ſeize their prey,
Finde themſelves caught, yet doe not know
From whence they did receive the blow?
Like him that hid his gold in hope
To keepe it ſafe, but found a rope.

1 *Though they could blinde and bribe the law,*
And keepe all witneſſes in awe
By their great power; though they could make
By cunning the whole State miſtake:
Yet can they be ſo voyd of ſenſe,
To thinke to cozen Providence?

2 *If miſchiefe-workers would but bend*
Their guilty thoughts to weigh the end
Of their ill deeds, they would confeſſe,

No ſafety found in wickedneſſe.
How can thoſe crimes that heaven doth ſee,
And ſo abhor, unpuniſht be?

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Evagrio, Iuſtiniano.

BEleeve it ſir, h'as all the ſignes of phrenſie,
His inflam'd bloud boyls in his ſwelling veins,
His eyes appeare like fire, his colour changes,
He grates his teeth, and falters in his ſpeech;
Sometimes he folds his armes, and deeply ſighes,
Then ſtrikes his angry foot againſt the ground.
Iuſt. Doth he continue in ſuch violence
As at the firſt?
Eva. Yes ſir, by fits; ſometimes
A ſtupid ſilence ſeizeth him, and then
He breakes againe into his former rage.
Iuſt. Theſe are, I muſt confeſſe, the noted ſymptomes
Of a hurt fancy; he's of a high ſpirit
Apt to reſent a wrong (if it could be)
From fate it ſelfe; but where he takes, a friend,
On whom a man may build, as on a rocke.
Eva. True ſir, his riſing paſſions at your name,
Like a tumultuous multitude at ſight
Of a grave Iudge, were for the time appeas'd;
See where he comes, I pray obſerve, he vents

His

His fury often in Poeticke ſtraynes,
And ſeemes to be that *Hercules* enraged,
He acted with ſo great applauſe at *Rome*,
When the whole Conclave his Spectators were,
His Unkle b'ing created Cardinall.

Actus Quartus. Scena ſecunda.

Spinola, Iuſtiniano, Evagrio.

YE Furies, active miniſters of hell,
That have your heads environed with Snakes,
And in your cruell hands beare fiery ſcourges,
Lend me your bloudy torches to finde out,
And puniſh th'authour of my deare ſonnes mur-
Aſſiſt *Megara* with a new revenge, (ther!
Such as even thou would'ſt feare to execute!
Let a vaſt ſea of bloud o're-flow his houſe,
And never ebbe till I ſhall pity him;
Eaſe now th'infernall ghoſts, remove the ſtone
From th'*Attick* thiefe, and lay it on his ſhoulders;
Let the ſwift ſtreame deceive his endleſſe thirſt;
And let his hands winde the unquiet wheele,
That hourely tortures the *Theſſalian* King:
Let Vultures tire upon his growing Liuer,
But let 'hem nere be tir'd; and ſince there is
One of the fifty *Danaan* ſiſters wanting,
Let 'hem admit that man into her roome,

And

And with their Pitchers only load his armes?
How am I ſure 'tis he? or if it be,
It is the law of Retribution,
And is but juſt, my conſcience tels me ſo:
Hence childiſh conſcience; ſhall I live his ſcorne
And the whole Cities Paſquill? I abhor it,
Were he protected by the *Thunderer*,
I'ld ſnatch him from his boſome, and in ſpite
Of his revengefull thunder, throw him quicke
Into the throat of the infernall *dog*;
Or if that monſter be not yet releaſt,
Since great *Alcides* drag'd him in a chaine
Through th'amaz'd townes of *Greece*; *Enceladus*
That with his earth-bred flames affrighteth heav'n
Rather than he ſhall ſcape, ſhall fire the world:
But I delay, and weare away the time
With empty words: why doe I call for Furies,
That beare in mine owne breaſt a greater fury
Than *Acheron* and *night* did ever hatch?
I'll dart my ſelfe like winged Lightning on him.
Have I no friend?

Iuſt. Yes one that dares aſſiſt you
In a more valiant act, to cruſh that Fury,
And to reſtore brave *Spinola* to himſelfe. (der'd

Spi. O faithfull ſoule! my deare *Franciſco's* mur

Iuſt. A heavy fate, yet ſuch as ſhould be born
Without ſo ſtrange a tumult, what you give
T'unbridled rage, you take from your revenge.

Sp

Spi. Wilt thou allow me to take vengeance ?
ut ſpeak *Iuſtinian* with thy wonted faith. (ſpeak,
Iuſt. Yes, ſuch as law and Iuſtice ſhall allow.
Spi. I have no skill in Law, and as for Iuſtice,
our learned Stoickes make it but a foole,
very *Animall.*
Iuſt. 'Tis now not ſeaſonable
o tell you whether *Iuſtice*, *Fortitude*,
nd th'other vertues may be called creatures ;
ut I muſt tell you, that no creature can
e happy wanting them ; whereof that man
eprives himſelfe, that ſubjugates his reaſon,
n which they all depend, to brutiſh paſſion ;
ould you but be perſwaded to reflect
pon your ſelfe, to ſee as in a glaſſe,
hat a deformity this vice hath brought
pon your ſoule, although you hated me,
ou would embrace my counſell.
Spi. Deare *Iuſtinian*,
ortune hath nothing left that's worth my hope,
ut thy affection ; at thy ſole command,
would attempt to ſwim the mid-land ſea,
hen *Æolus* and *Neptune* are at warres ;
xpoſe my ſelfe to the fierce Dragons jawes,
nraged by the theft of *Hercules* :
t thy command I'll live; hark, hark, what's that?
t is the voice of my dead ſon, that cals
or vengeance ; ſee, ſee where he ſtands & points

At his ſtill-bleeding wound; he bids me think
What he had done e're now, had we chang'd fate
Did you not ſee him?

Iuſt. No, nor you your ſelfe,
'Twas nothing but a ſtrong impreſſion made
In your diſturb'd imagination.

Spi. Could both mine eies & eares be ſo deceiv'

Iuſt. That happens often to perplexed mindes.

Spi. Alas, what ſhall I doe?

Iuſt. Let me perſwade you
But to retire, perhaps ſome milde repoſe
May ſoftly ſteale upon your troubled ſpirits,
To give you eaſe.

Spi. If you will have it ſo,
My paſſions in my breaſt ſhall ſilence keep,
I'll be as tame as (what you wiſh me) ſleep.

Iuſt. Wait on him in, I'll follow preſently.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

Inſtiniano.

THe unexpected death of his deare ſonne
So woũds his ſoule, that his diſtracted thog
Suggeſt beleeſe, he ſaw and heard him ſpeake
But that cannot ſeeme ſtrange, if we conſider
Not only what deluſions fancy ſhapes,
But what effects it really produces:

or certainly it can procure and cure
ll ſorts of maladies: to that alone
ome naturaliſts impute the greateſt part
f humane accidents, and even of thoſe
redictions, transformations, prodigies
f birth and ſpectacle, which ſuperſtition
ath uſually proclaymed miracles:
ll which by powerfull working on our ſpirits,
nd bending forcibly our paſſions
nagination cauſeth, though it be
faculty coincident to Bruits,
eceiving objects from the common ſence;
ut theſe his perturbations I ſuſpect
o flow from mixt affections, griefe, and anger,
he laſt of which poſſeſſeth moſt the bloud
nd humours of *Italians*, and I doubt
hat he thereby having involv'd himſelfe
that which is our Nations crime, *Revenge*,
th bin by th'other faction undermin'd:
this be, his diſeaſe is cureable;
t ſo, as every vertuous man muſt thinke
he remedy as bad as the diſeaſe,
nleſſe ſtrict Iuſtice doe become th'avenger,
r that their owne ſad fates appeaſe his rage:
how it wounds my heart to ſee my friend,
nd one that truely meriteth that name
ut for that vice, whereof not to be guilty
nade a vice here, by the Tyrant *cuſtome*)

Plung'd

Plung'd in diſtreſſe, that cannot receive counſell!
But could he once with ſafety be reſtor'd
To his owne native ingenuity,
He would deteſt ſuch crimes; his candid ſoule
Appeares in this, that in the midſt of fury,
The ſight or name of him he lov'd before
Can *Orpheus*-like calme his enraged ſpirit:
I therefore am oblig'd by ſacred friendſhip,
Even to devote my ſelfe to all juſt meanes
Of his recovery, and I will performe it;
To cure *Oreſtes* (if the Heavens ſo pleaſe)
There ſhall not want a faithfull *Pylades*.

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

Imperiale, Honoria, Angelica, Servants, Friends, Daria, Maskers.

ARe all things ready?
Ser. Yes my Lord.
Imp. Noble friends,
Your preſence gives addition to the honour, (me
Which ſome yong gentlemen are pleas'd to doe
In the free preſentation of their mirth,
Moſt ſeaſonable in time of *Carnivall*,
And fit to celebrate this joyfull feaſt,
Which we may challenge as our holy-day.
Fri. 1. The honour of this day chiefly belongs

To

To you and to your family; but yet
The benefit redounds to the whole State,
Which every yeare is thankfully acknowledg'd.
*Fri.*2. The State by such aknowledgment invites
All generous spirits beyond common duty,
To venture life & fortune for her safty. (ly happy
Imp. This comm-onwealth, that makes them tru-
Who share the blessings of her government,
Disdaines not, like a tyranny, to owe
A benefit to subjects; nor rewards
With banishment, in stead of Bayes, their merit:
But hark, musick proclaims the maskers comming,
Be pleas'd to take your places, there are seats.
*Fri.*1. I must crave leave to place your daughter,
She that is once betrothed is a Bride. sir,
Imp. 'Twere incivility in her, or us,
If you request it, not to be uncivill;
Sit down *Angelica.*
Hon. Sit down, sit down,
Our friends desires are in our house commands.

A boy, clad like a nuptiall Genius, sings this song.

COme Hymen, *light thy full-branch'd Pine,*
And let a rosie wreath intwine
Thy reeking brow; let thy brave fire
With liquid vertue thee inspire,
While waggish boyes in witty rimes,

Taxing

Taxing the follies of the times,
Spare not their maſters who are now
Content this freedome to allow,
Thus the chaſte girdle of the Bride
Muſt be by pleaſant rites unti'd,
But let darke ſilence bring to bed
Such as want Hymen *when they wed.*

The ſong ended Hymen *appeares with Feſcenine youths dancing an antique dance; towards the end of which dance, Prince* Doria *perſonating* Thalaſſius, *preſents himſelf with other yong gentlemē his friends, repreſenting the firſt Roman Souldiers with their ſwords drawne: at this ſight* Hymen *and his company breake off abruptly, and vaniſh confuſedly; then they ſheath their ſwords, and fall into a martiall dance, at the concluſion whereof,* Doria *ſuddenly embraceth* Angelica, *the Maſquers all crying out.*

Maſ. For *Thalaſſius*, for *Thalaſſius.*

Imp. Though cuſtome challengeth a liberty
To take our wives and daughters forth to tread
A meaſure without ſcandall; yet t'embrace,
And whiſper too, requires a better warrant
Th n *Carnivall* permiſſion, it implyes
Domeſticke priviledge, or an affront.

Maſ. For *Thalaſſius*, for *Thalaſſius.*

Imp. That voyce was frequent at a publick rape,
But ſacred hoſpitality forbids

All jealousie of any ill intent.

Dor. Not, as the Romans when they had betraid
The Sabine Virgins, do my glad friends make
These acclamations of *Thalassius*;
But rather as a more aulpicious name
Than that of drowsie and lascivious *Hymen*;
Behold the late Ambassadour himselfe
Thus contradicts his owne fain'd embassie.

Ang. My *Doria*!

Hon. O perfect happinesse!

Fri. 1. See how Prince *Doria* hath surpriz'd us all,
Transform'd into a nuptiall Deitie.

Imp. My doubt is in the better sense resolv'd:
You may perceive y'are welcome by the joy
Expresst both by my daughter and my wife,
In no drie complement, but in a moist
And silent Oratory.

Dor. VVhich works more
On my affections; than a golden tongue;
But tell me my divine *Angelica*,
How could'st thou at the tidings of my death,
Put on a valiant incredulity,
And when thou find'st me safe burst out in tears?

Ang. To lend beleefe to any ill report
Of a known friend, althogh averr'd with boldnes,
In common friendship were unpardonable,
Much more in such a love as mine, which finding
In a maine part a manifest untruth

Was for your honour bound to ſlight the reſt;
And though there be a contrariety
In the true cauſes of our joy and griefe,
Yet both are oftentimes expreſt by teares.

Dor. I could not entertaine, nor then, nor now,
The leaſt ſuſpition of thy conſtancy,
But trueſt love delights to pleaſe it ſelfe
With ſuch diſguiſes, and to finde by tryals
Our own aſſurance many wayes confirm'd:
Nor had I ventur'd to diſturb thy thoughts,
Which thy diſcerning judgement did prevent,
But that I had a preſent remedy.

Ang. I might have ſafely taſted what the *Mede*,
Or the fierce *Parthian* dips his arrowes in,
So long as there was ſuch antidote.

Dor. Were I left helpleſſe by *Machaons* art,
Thy preſence hath a vertue would reſtore me;
Pandora' on whom each Deity beſtow'd
A ſeverall gift, was not endow'd like thee.

Imp. So ſoone at ſtrife? if you will needs contend
Who ſhall love beſt, I'll put you both together.

Dor. He whoſe ambition made him weep and ſweat
Within the narrow limits of one world,
Did never thirſt ſo much for fame and glory
As I for that encounter; in which combat,
Whether I vanquiſh, or am vanquiſhed,
I ſhall not envy *Pompey*' or *Cæſars* triumphs:
In the meane time I'll crave an houre or two

For preparation of ſome neceſſaries,
Whereof my abſence makes me deſtitute.
Imp. Troth my occaſions have the like requeſt;
And therefore if this noble company
Will honour us to morrow with their preſence,
We ſhall endeavour to requite their loves.
1 *Fri.* Moſt willingly.
2 *Fri.* And at your nuptiall feaſt,
Wee'll wiſh that every *grace* may be your gueſt.
Dor. I'll ſoon return, my heart with thee ſhall ſtay
As a ſure pawne.
Ang. You carry mine away.
Imp. You have ſome buſineſſe too muſt be diſpatcht,
Goe, loſe no time; *Moloſſo* come thou hither,
I leave thee in my abſence to take care
That ſupper be prepar'd, and tell the Steward
That great revenue *parſimony*, now
Muſt be by us neglected: thriving men
In charges that come ſeldome, are profuſe.

Actus Quartus. Scena Sexta.

Moloſſo.

I Shall ſir, yes, by that time you returne,
You ſhall confeſſe you have a skilfull Cater:
Why ſhould proud greatneſſe undervalue us,
And our condition, ſince all men are ſlaves?

If

If we ſurvey the greateſt monarchies,
What are their Courtiers elſe, with all the ſuits
They either beg or weare? the rich Banquier
Enthrals his debtor, and his money him:
This Captaine is a captive to that wench;
This Magiſtrate to bribes; that Lord to pride;
This Statesman to ambition; all to feare:
From which we only that haue nought to loſe
Are free, and that ſhall ſuddainly appeare;
I'll ſend the ſervants forth, that *Sango* and I
May act our parts with more ſecurity.
See how the fates themſelves have help'd to bring
The Beaſt into my toile, and made both him
And his whole houſe the ſubject of my venge-
My joy is ſuch I cannot temper it: (ance,
As when the bloud-hound in a leaſh b'ing led,
Noſeth the ground, and while the prey's far off,
Spares both his mouth and feet, but drawing near,
Will open wide, and drag away his leader:
So are my thoughts tranſported, I'll away,
My fury cals for bloud, and I obey.

Chorus of two.

1 *VNdoubted friendſhip having made*
A ſtrong impreſſion in the minde,
Though wilde diſtempers doe invade
Our reaſon, can their their fury binde.

Love in diſtracted thoughts may beare
As great a ſway as ſervile feare.

2 *He whoſe ſtrong paſsions are his foes,*
Is happy in a faithfull friend,
That will aſsiſt him to compoſe
Thoſe ſtrifes that to his ruine tend.
A true friend wiſhes not a cauſe,
But when ther's need, he n'ere withdrawes.

1 *A Lover with no ill intent,*
Will Proteus-*like, new formes deviſe,*
He faines to be on errands ſent,
And then himſelfe he will diſguiſe
Like to a god, Love *loves to ſtray,*
And ſeldome keepes the beaten way.

2 *But now the fatall time drawes neere,*
Wherein the errour and th'offence
Of Imperiale *will appeare,*
To truſt the ſlave he did incenſe,
And to encourage him to act
What he once thought a heynous fact.

1 *But may there not be ſome excuſe,*
At leaſt to mitigate his fault;
That he could not expect a truce,
And that he found his owne life ſought?
It hath become counted Iuſtice ſtill,
Rather than to be kill'd, to kill.

2 *Ther'*

2 *Ther's no excuſe can purge the guilt*
That murther brings; we muſt not take
Our owne revenge, bloud by us ſpilt,
Will our whole off-ſpring guilty make:
Then let's not blame heavens juſtice, when
Great plagues doe light on vertuous men.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Fidele, Evagrio.

We ſee there is ſmall hope that gentle ſleepe
Can find admittãce to his troubled thoughts
While rage diſtracts 'hem; he's no ſooner laid
To reſt upon his couch, but up he ſtarts. (bring
Eva. The wiſe *Iuſtinian* meanes this night to
Some curious muſicke, that may rocke his ſenſes
Into a ſlumber by ſweet harmony,
Working on his affections; we are all
Eternally oblig'd to that good man;
Who though he be with hearty ſorrow mov'd
To ſee his friend in ſuch neceſſity,
Ev'n of his helpe, yet is reſolv'd t'employ
His conſtant care, nor will he ever thinke
His debt of friendſhip payd by any labour.
Fid. What will become of us if he miſcarry?
VVe are his kinſmen, and have no ſubſiſtence
But by his only bounty; I receiv'd

A deadly wound in the deplored death
Of his deare ſon, who oft was pleas'd to bid me
Throw all my care on him, and now I finde
My hopefull venture ſunke in that brave ſhip.

Eva. To loſe our friends and fortunes, I confeſſe,
Is that which needs muſt ſhake the firmeſt minds,
But when there is no hope for us t'encreaſe
Our owne affliction, and to loſe our ſpirits,
Is an infirmity beneath a man:
Why ſhould we doubt his ſafe recovery,
Since paſſion as we ſee, doth but diſturbe
His reaſon, not deſtroy't? when he's at worſt,
Hee'll hearken to the counſell of his friend.

Fid. How earneſtly he begs, that he may ſpeake
With *Imperiale*! and it ſeemes *Iuſtinian*
Already condeſcends to his requeſt;
Me thinks that ſhould not be, ſince he ſuſpects
Him to be privy to *Franciſco's* death.

Eva. No doubt *Iuſtinian* underſtands what's fit;
Perchance if once he ſhall his mind unburden
His paſſions may remit, or he may ſeeme
To promiſe, 'cauſe he would not have him croſt;
Theſe things we wholly muſt commit to him,
Whoſe Iudgement's not inferior to his love:
He wiſh'd us but withdraw a while, we muſt
Not be farre off, leaſt he ſhould chance to call;
For whatſoe'r occaſion they ſhould have
There's none but we t'aſſiſt: *Sango* the ſlave

Hath

Hath taken liberty to go abroad,
At his own pleaſure, who would think the Villain
Durſt venture to be abſent at this time?
Fid. I have obſerv'd a wondrous league of late
Betweene him and his Coſin ſlave; how e're
Their Lords are far aſunder, they are neere.
Eva. T'is ever beſt when ſuch as they are kept
To daily labour, the leaſt eaſe corrupts 'hem.
Fid. There might perchance be ſome diſcovery (made
If they were both examined apart,
And made beleeve each other had confeſt.
Eva. Some plot t'is like, to ſteale a ſilver ſpoone
To purchaſe *Opium*, or the drug Tobacco;
That is the height of their ambitious theft:
But harke, they knock, I prithy goe thou in,
And I'll take order to have *Sango* ſent for.

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Cater, Porter, Cooke.

THou bloweſt as much as he that carried
An Oxe upon his ſhoulders, ſet it downe,
There's for thy paines.
Por. Troth t'was a heavy burthen.
Cat. There's ſix *dinaro's* more.
Por. I thanke you, ſir. (charge
Cooke. Me thinkes *Moloſſo* might have ſav'd this
And

And been himſelfe the Porter.

Cat. Who? the Slave?
He's now our *Major-Domo*, our Lord told me
He would deliver his commands by him;
He gave me order to make this proviſion.

Cooke. I like him, he begins his government
With bounty, now the Cooke may ſhew his skill;
Since I came hither I have bin confin'd
To ſeverall ſallets, porrage with ſcrapt cheeſe,
And a few *Vermiçelle*, ſuch ſlight diſhes.
O when I ſerv'd the Grand-Dukes maſter Cooke
How we were all imploy'd! I can remember,
What lectures of our myſtery hee'd reade,
Stiling the belly maſter of all arts,
And by a modell of his owne invention
Demonſtrate how the antique Cookes were wont
To dreſſe the entire Boare, he was a Scholler
And would diſcourſe of the delicious *Sumen*,
And of the noble Patrons of the kitchin
Both Greeks and Romanes; he was wont to ſpeak
Moſt reverently of one *Apicius*.

Cat. Why what was he?

Cooke. A man of a brave ſtomack,
That ſpent upon his belly neare three millions,
And having caſt up his accounts, and found
Only two hundred and od thouſand crownes
Remayning to ſupport his appetite,
Doubting he ſhould be famiſht, rather choſe

To

To live by fame, and end his life with poyſon?
But prithy knock; there was another too,
One *Nomentanus*, but far ſhort of him:
Will they not open? we ſhall all be ſhent,
Knock harder.

Cat. Sure they are a ſleepe, perhaps
The ſlave b'ing overleaven'd with his favour
Hath made himſelfe ſtark drunk; we ſhall diſturbe
Our Lady and her Daughter, I much wonder
Miſtris *Nugella* comes not to the doore.

Noyſe within. Oh!

Cooke. What noiſe is that within? ſome body
Cat. I will goe ſeeke our Patron. (groanes
Cooke. Heer he comes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

Imperiale, Cater, Cooke.

WHat, no forwarder? w'are like to ſup to nigh
At a fine houre.

Cat. W'have beene a good while here ſir,
Have often knockt, but cannot be let in. (hou
Cooke. We thought we heard a groaning in t
Imp. How? knock again, yet, this is very ſtran
Where ſhould *Moloſſo* be? perhaps my wife
And daughter with their maids may all be bu
For I ſuppoſe they were to take a bath:

He certainly would not neglect my ſervice:
I know not what to thinke, my jealouſie
Suggeſts a thouſand feares; goe preſently,
Deſire the Engineer to lend m'an Engine,
That I may force the doore.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

Moloſſo, Sango above, Imperiale below.

SIr, here are they
Meane to make good this Fort in ſpite of you,
And all your engineers.
Imp. What's thy intent?
Thou know'ſt how farre I truſt thee, dear *Moloſſo*.
Mol. It is not your untimely truſt or favour
That is to me but ſun-ſhine after ſhipwrack)
Can ſatisfie your former injuries:
would have ſpent an age in baſe obſervance
Onely to gaine this day, this happy houre
That ſhall produce what no time ſhall forget.
Imp. I owe my life to thee and ever ſhall
Take that acknowledgement, then doe not thou
Deſtroy thine owne great merit.
Mol. Thinke not fond man,
Sav'd thy life for any love of thee,
But to reſerve thee for a greater plague. (they?
Imp. O my deare wife and daughter! where are

Mol.

Mol. Both yet alive, the miſchief's done already,
But not the vengeance, thou ſhalt that behold,
Till then ther's nothing can be cal'd revenge:
Goe bring'hem *Sango*, thou haſt had thy fill.
San. Of *Verdea*, or as witty gallants uſe
T'expreſſe the full fruition of their love,
Of *Nectar*, ſweeter farre than that of *Iove*.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quinta.

Iuſtiniano, Spinola, Imperiale below; Moloſſo, Sango, Honoria, Angelica above.

THe beſt Phyſitians in extremityes,
Allow their Patients what they moſt deſire,
Though n'ere ſo ſeeming hurtfull: when diſeaſes
Exceed their ſafe and uſuall remedies,
They many times are cur'd by contraries:
What ſhould this meane?
Spi. I muſt exact your promiſe.
Iuſt. Vpon condition you'll forbeare all out-rage.
Spi. Set me my bounds, and ſee if I tranſgreſſe.
Iuſt. Stand here then, and be ſilent.
Spi. Like a ſtatue.
Mol. Behold a payre of Brides, their haire diſ-(plai'd
Muſe not to ſee'hem weep, the cauſe is light.
Imp. What is the woe that theſe ſtrange ſignes (import?
Speake my *Honoria*, my *Angelica*.

Hon.

Hon. That which no womans tongue is fit t'ex-
Nor any humane eare fit to receive. (preſſe,
Im. Mine eares may heare what ſuch ſoft hearts
I have a breaſt prepar'd for miſery. (can beare,
Hon. Behold the Wolves, the Beares, that our ſad
Fore-warnd us of, wᶜʰ you did ſo deſpiſe. (dreams
Mo. You hear how light the cauſe is, but a dream.
Hon. Our wretched ſtory's told and underſtood,
I'th ſole repetition of that viſion;
The jewels raviſh't from our innocent necks
Are our unvalued honours, which theſe monſters,
When ſwords and direfull threats could not pre-
By cruell force aſſiſting one another, (vaile,
Wrung from us both.
Ang. Oh that heavens power had pleas'd
According to my fervent invocation,
To have transform'd me to ſome ugly monſter,
That horror might have frighted away luſt!
Or been converted into ſudden rage,
Whereby my life had ranſomed mine honor! (*Ha?*
Im. Was there none neer to aid? where was *Nugel-*
Ho. Bound & thē ſtrangled, all the reſt were forth.
Im. What haſt a wretched creature makes to hear
His owne dire wretchedneſſe. but now *Moloſſe*,
Since thou haſt cloy'd thy furious apperite,
Unbinde their tender hands, & ſend them down,
That we may all condole their heavy fortunes.
Mol. If my revenge could have been ſatisfied

With

With what's already done, it had done nothing;
No, Beares and Wolves alway perſiſt to death,
And I lament to finde ſo narrow a Stage
To act my vengeance on, as but two women?
Sango prepare.
San. Command, and I obey.
Ang. Then there is hope to finde compaſſion
In more then Scythian breaſts, ther's but that left
To expiate your former cruelty.
Im. O ſpare their lives and all ſhall be forgiven!
Mol. We are too farre embark't to hope or wiſh
To be forgiv'n; miſchief's upheld by miſchiefe.
Im. Alas poor ſouls, what crime have they committed?
Mol. They are both thine *Imperial*, that's their crime,
Which cannot be waſht off, but with their bloud.
Im. Oh rather let thy fury fly on him
Who owns that crime, and all thou canſt object:
Slay me, and ſo thy fact may finde excuſe,
Behold my breaſt, I'll come and offer it. (thee,
Mol. Thou would'ſt perſwade us to take pity on
Wee'll ſtrike thee here, theſe are thy tender parts,
Where thou wilt be moſt ſenſible of paine.
Imp. They doe not act revenge, but cruelty,
That, for the nocent, kill the innocent. (cents dy;
Mol. Vengeance moves horror then, when inno-
He acts but the lawes part, that kills the nocent.

Hon.

Hon. Endevour not to turne wild beasts to men;
Our lives are useleſſe, you in us will loſe
A wife and daughter, but in you our Country
No leſſe than we, a husband and a father.
Ang. Although our raviſht honors had not made
This life ſo heavy a burden, we had knowne
A Widow, and an Orphan, to be marks
Of common wrong, and righted but by death.
Imp. But yet your pious lives might purge the (guilt,
Which time hath heapt upon your fathers head,
To whom a preſent death may antidate (moſt.
Some weekes, or moneths, or ſome few yeeres at
Mo. Theſe ſtrifes afford 'hem cõfort, let's diſpatch.
Imp. Hold, hold, I beg but reſpite to depart.
Mo. So would the joy of our revenge depart.
It is the height of our triumphant glory,
That thou ſhalt ſee 'hem die, caſt thine eyes up.
Im. I will not, ſlave, looke thou down, & deſpaire
T'have me behold thy cruell inſolence.
Sorrow and indignation joyne together
To ſwell theſe balls, and looſen all their ſtrings,
That they may meet my hands—(*puls out his eies.*
———which now have done
No more than what that ſight alone would doe.
So ſhall the Sun and Moon, heavens rowling eies,
Drop from their ſphears at the worlds general ru-
T'avoid the ſpectacle; t'is fit my light (ine,
Should

Should be extinguiſht with my deareſt objects.
Mol. What? haſt thou ſo deluded us? thine eares
Though thou wanſt eyes to ſee, ſhall heare their (groanes.
Hon. Oh, oh! *Ang.* Oh, oh!
Mol. I would have labour'd more for this revenge,
Than thoſe that ſearch the bowels of the earth
For Mynes, or dive into the Sea for pearles.
Imp. Although before thy execrable deed
Thou did'ſt deny me death, yet I in life
Found out a way t'exempt me from the living.

Actus Quintus. Scena ſexta.

Doria, Imperiale, Moloſſo, Sango, Iuſtiniano, Spinola.

WHoſe fortune ſhould I envy, that am going
To take poſſeſſion of a happineſſe,
Great, and (what crownes felicity) ſecure?
Such conſtant joy proceeds from vertuous love:
But ſoft, what unexpected change is here?
Either mine eyes miſtake, or my *Imperial*
Is quite depriv'd of his; alas, 'tis ſo:
I am amaz'd at this ſad ſpectacle.
Imp. There can be none but yong Prince *Doria*
So apprehenſive of my miſery. (left,
Dor. What ſtrange Eclipſe, or dire *Stymphalides*
With their prodigious wings obſcure the ſun?
What cruel hand hath made us all thus wretched?

Imp. What thou behold'ſt, is the leaſt part of mine,
And thine owne woe.
Dor. Where's my *Angelica*? (der'd;
Imp. She and her mother are both vilely mur-
And that's not all, they both were raviſh't firſt
By thoſe two ſavage beaſts.
Mol. 'Tis thy fate *Doria*
To be involv'd in that mans vow'd deſtruction.
Dor. Where am I now, in fruitfull *Italy*?
Or in *Hircania*, where there's nothing ſeene
But horrid monſters, and perpetuall ſnow?
O wickedneſſe that no age will beleeve,
And all Poſterity deny! malicious fate,
That to my bouncleſſe miſery addeſt this;
To make me ſuffer barbarous wrongs from ſuch
As are not capable of my revenge!
Were the ſole Monarch of the world the actor,
Or had he but conniv'd at the deed done
By's luſtfull ſonne or minion; I might hope,
Arm'd with the juſtice of my cauſe, to wreſt
The ill-ſwai'd ſcepter from him, and reduce
Him and his race t'unparrallel'd examples
Of woefull pride, and miſerable greatneſſe.
Then if abſtracted ſpirits knowledge have
Of humane vowes, look down deflowred Mayd,
But yet no leſſe a Virgin than a *Veſtall*:
Since honour cannot ſtoop to puniſh ſlaves, (ance,
Whoſe vile condition ſinkes beneath that venge-

'Bove

'Bove which no tyrants power could hope to
And ſince thy cruel ſufferings (bleſt ſoule) (clime;
Require ſtrict ſatisfaction; loe, I turne
My fury on my ſelfe, and puniſh thus
Mine owne malignant fortune:
Offers to kill himſelfe.
——————who holds me?
Forbeare, I may not be diſarm'd.
Iuſt. That man
Who is tranſported by a deſperate rage
Diſarmes himſelfe; he that may hinder miſchief,
And yet permits it, is an acceſſary.
Dor. Noble *Iuſtinian*, thou wert wont to be
Full of compaſſion, ſhew it now, and end
A loathed life.
Iuſt. That which had beene a crime
Not to prevent, were wickedneſſe to act.
Dor. Reſtore me then my ſword, it is not worſe
To kill him that unwilling is to die,
Than t'hinder him that's willing.
Iuſt. If thou kill'ſt
Thy ſelfe, thereby thou doſt confeſſe a guilt.
Dor. The guilty ſeldome inflict puniſhment
Upon themſelves; what wretch can keepe a life
So full of miſery?
Iuſt. 'Tis wretchedneſſe
Not to be able to beare miſery;
It is not as thou think'ſt, renowned *Doria*,

A vertue to hate life; but to endure
These weighty strokes of Fortune valiantly;
And this becomes thy noble birth and spirit,
On which th'afflictions of the world should fall,
But as tempestuous showres into the sea.

Dor. Thy counsell comes too late, sentence is gi-
By me upon my selfe, nor canst thou save, (ven
Or yet reprieve me; who resolves to die
Finds weapons every where; my mind could arm
These hands without a sword, but it disdaines
All borrowed ayd; my weapons are within:
If sudden joy can speedy death command,
Why should not griefe? & mine above all others?
Then summon all thy forces, mighty sorrow,
Contract this stubborne heart and stifle it,
Deny it the bold priviledge, to be
The last that feeles the stroke of death: so, so,
It shoots a vapour that will poyson it,
And choake each passage of the vitall spirits;
And now I feele it beat against my breast,
As if it gave th'alarum unto all
The organs of my life: O how it struggles,
Disdayning to submit! proud rebell downe,
Thy ligaments are shrunke, and I approach
The place where Lovers after death reside,
Where I a ghost will yet enjoy my Bride:
Wilt thou not yeeld? dost thou expect releefe?
Time, that releaseth sorrow, shall not joyne

With

With refreſht nature to repaire thy ruine:
I to a broken heart will adde this doome,
No ſuſtenance within theſe lips ſhall come.
Mol. Thy daughter, *Imperial'*, is canoniz'd:
With contrite heart devout Prince *Doria*,
Hath vow'd a faſt t'his Saint *Angelica*.
Imp. I feele ſo great a weight of miſery,
That I can ſcarce be ſenſible of more,
Although it be (what's harder to be borne
Than my calamity) a villains ſcorne.
Spi. Thus ſhall my ſilence breake, into remorſe,
Not into rage, that feaver of the ſoule
Is quite converted to an *Apathie*;
Let me cry out to fate as *Hannibal*
At *Cannæ*, to his bloudy Souldiers, *ſpare*;
Imperial' know'ſt thou the voyce of *Spinola*?
By the moſt faithfull head of my *Iuſtinian*
(Than which there cannot be a holier found)
I truly am mov'd with pity, thy ſad ſtory
Would melt a flinty heart into compaſſion;
Procruſtes or the wild Inhabitants
Of horrid *Caucaſus* are milde to theſe.
Imp. I know not, gentle *Spinola*, how thou
Canſt accept thanks from me, that have from thee
Deſerv'd ſo ill; It may not be ſuppos'd
I can diſſemble now, that Villaine there (ledge,
Contiv'd thy deare ſons death without my know-
Though I am guilty of as great a crime:

For I was willing, to my too late griefe
Upon diſcovery made by thine owne Slave
Of thy intent, to have the ſame retorted
Upon thy ſelfe, the reſt that wretch did plot,
In whom I plac'd a wicked confidence;
And did at length too much applaud the fact,
From whence our mutuall miſeries reſult.

Spi. Thy crime was but diverſion of an evill,
Whereof I hate the memory, and wiſh
I could drinke deepe of *Lethe*, to forget
That impious deſigne; and for theſe villaines,
I'll ſtudy a new puniſhment, that ſhall
Tranſcend *Perillus* Bull, and all the torments
Invented by the fierce *Sicilian* tyrants.

Mol. 'Tis wretchednes to feare where ther's no
Could'ſt thou beleeve, vain *Spinola*, that we (hope;
Would undertake to act ſo bold a miſchiefe,
And not reſolve upon as brave an end?
We that have gained ſuch a full revenge,
Meane not to loſe it by a poore ſubmiſſion
To hopeles mercy, or your new found torments;
Though fortune made us wretched ſlaves to you,
We both retayne ſome ſparks of th'active fire,
Which the traditions of our Country tell us,
Did ſometimes flame in our *Numidian* breaſts,
Not yet ſo quencht by ſervitude, but we
Have will and power to free our ſelves; behold
Our *liberty*, theſe ſhall reſtore us now

To that equality that nature gave,
In which blinde chance hath put a difference:
One blow from theſe *deliverers*, can make
An abject beggar equall to a King:
Pango keepe time.
San. I'm ready. } *The ſlaves piſtoll*
Mol. By conſent } *each other.*
We thus avoid and mocke your puiſhment.
Spi. The Harpies are flown ſuddenly to hell,
And hang already on that hideous rocke,
Where dreadful fiends lie gaping to receive'hem;
But let me, ſir, become your faithfull guide
To lead you to my houſe, where you ſhall live,
And want no comfort love or coſt can give.
Imp. The only comfort of a wretched ſoule
Is to deſpaire of comfort: I ſee not
The manſion guilty of ſuch wickedneſſe,
But I am ſeene, a wretch, in *Genua*,
Where all my anceſtours ſtand wreath'd with ho-
I'll wander to a deſert, or elſe clime (nour:
Some remote mountaine, where dark clouds that
About his high erected head, ſhall hide me (hang
From all the eyes of men; there I'll lament
My miſeries in willing baniſhment.
Iuſt. What need we care how pow'rfull our foes,
When ſlaves can bring us to ſuch miſery? (be,
Whoſe innate cruelties at length appeare,
Though they the ſame may cunningly forbeare,

For

For their owne ends ; it is not wiſdo me thee
To place our truſt in ſuch condition'd men,
Whom puniſhments, & wants, & feares prepa-
To hatred, to deceit, and to deſpayre :
Yet theſe are but poore inſtruments, the cauſe
That on our heads heavens indignation drawes,
Springs frō our ſelves, 'gainſt which ther's no de-
Like th'armour of a ſpotles innocence. (fence

FINIS.